

HIS GOOD ADVISER

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"Blunderhead!" angrily expostulated the bookkeeper of Ransom & Co. "Look before you leap, Danny," in sweet solacing contrast followed the tones of the office stenographer, Nellie Deane.

"Wish I could. Guess I'll go stumbling through life just this same old way!" groaned Danny Skiles. "Wish you was my sister. I'd get out of here if it wasn't for you—yes, I would."

The electric button on the desk of the stenographer sounded an appeal just then. It was from Mr. Ransom's office. Hastily Nellie swept into a drawer—or rather fancied she swept into it—several pages of a letter she had been writing to her sister. One of the sheets, however, had slipped unnoticed over the edge of the desk and had fallen among a vast litter on the floor beside it.

Danny had precipitated the overflow of the waste paper basket only a few seconds previously. He had stumbled over it in the exercise of that extraordinary ability of his to deserve the common nickname of "Blunderhead." Danny was simply chronically irremediably clumsy. When he raised a window he generally smashed it. When he moved a chair he usually tipped it over. When he ran to attend to some urgent office call he stumbled over a rug or the linoleum.

"Drat that bookkeeper!" muttered Danny with a daggers look at crusty old Collins. "As to Sweetie—that's what I call her and that's just what she is—if I ever amount to anything it will be her kind ways to me that did it. She's pretty as a picture and good as gold. Yes, and I'll bet the boss knows it!" chuckled Danny wisely.

If "the boss," young Alden Ransom, knew it, however, he had spoken no



"Whillikens! She's in Love With the Boss!"

word to convey the impression to his really competent stenographer. It was true that many times, even as just now, when Nellie sat in his private office taking dictation, it had been a relief from business cares and a positive pleasure to look at the delicate expressive face of the young girl and appreciate her buoyant accommodating ways and quick intelligence. If there was the dawning of love in the companionship, however, it was on the part of Nellie herself. In fact, she had just written the fact to her sister. And because she felt a growing fondness for her kindly indulgent employer she had decided to sever a tie that it might be difficult to break, later on by leaving the pleasant employ of Ransom & Co.

Meanwhile Danny had gathered up the letter on the floor of the main office and was cogitating over the great precept of wisdom that Miss Deane had sought to inculcate.

"Look before you leap," Danny repeated the axiom. "That fits me. Sweetie is a good adviser and I'm going to adopt that as my motto."

Danny picked a sheet of paper from the waste paper basket, folded it, took a stub of a pencil from his pocket and proceeded to diligently and laboriously place the appealing axiom upon its surface. He stowed the folded paper in his pocket as if it were some valued talisman and an unfailing remedy against blundering.

More than once during the rest of the day Danny consulted his creed. Then that night when he went to bed, he found he had learned his motto by heart and took out the sheet of paper to place it in a bureau drawer when he chanced to open it.

"Whew!" he ejaculated as he perused the inside of the sheet. "Why, it's part of a letter Sweetie has written to some, relative or friend and—whillikens! she's in love with the boss."

Yes, that was certain. Miss Deane had written to her sister that Mr. Ransom had attracted her as never any man before. But she realized that gulf between them, showed due humility in not construing his little acts of kindness into any marked attentions and was going to seek another position.

"Why, if she leaves Ransom & Co. I'm—lost!" wailed Danny. "Say, if

she could marry the boss! Wish I was a matchmaker. What'll I do?"

"This was as to the letter. Danny decided he would think things over before he said anything about it. Then came the crisis of Danny's life, and the "Blunderhead" of the office situation became a star character and hero.

Danny earned only four dollars a week and had to pay some board at home at that. This did not admit of any banquets. The week before he had bought a small bunch of violets to place on the desk of Miss Deane. She had scolded him severely, but Danny was proud to think he could spend 50 cents to show his devotion to the kindest friend he had ever known.

For the present week, therefore, Danny was wont to take his meals at a cheap beanery. There were items on the bill of fare that ran from four to seven cents. One evening he had to remain at the office overtime to stamp some mail. Six o'clock found him hungry with one-half an hour's work still undone. Danny went out for a bite. As he passed down a court running along the side of the building where the office was located, he noticed that the light in the room of the boss had been extinguished and the boss himself was just approaching his automobile, the only one in the solitary court.

Then there occurred something that made Danny think of a rapid moving picture show, it was all done so quickly. Three men had suddenly leaped from a dusk doorway. One sprang to the chauffeur's seat. Two others advanced upon Mr. Ransom. They threw a long coat over his head, lifted him into the machine, stifled his cries and away dashed the auto.

"Kidnaped! Just like in the movies!" gasped the petrified Danny. In a flash he was after the speeding machine. As he ran an inspiration came to him. He drew out his big jack-knife that was his constant companion, caught at the knob of the baggage box and clung there.

The automobile followed the court then an alley and then curved into a public street. It was here that Danny got ready for business.

He made a desperate lunge at the nearest rear wheel. Blade-deep through outer and inner sheathings of rubber went the knife. There was a hiss, then a frightful report. The chauffeur caught the warning sound. The auto sidled on a menacing slant. Danny sprang free, yelled for the police, the car was surrounded and "the boss" was rescued.

Mr. Ransom took Danny back to the office with him after the police had secured the kidnapers, who it appeared had set in motion the first section of a deep blackmailing plot.

"There's something else," said Danny, when the greater part of his story had been told—"there's Sweetie."

"Ah! what about Miss Deane, now?" questioned the young business man, with every token of deep interest.

And Danny produced the letter sheet. His eye sparkled as he knew what he had long hoped—that Miss Deane cared particularly for him. And then rather amusedly he read the scrawled words Danny had written: "Look before you leap."

"Mr. Ransom," observed Danny fervently, "that's my motto, but you don't have to look before you leap if you're thinking about Sweetie. She's all gold, just like yourself!"

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WHO DID WRITE SHAKESPEARE

Not Shakespeare or Bacon, but John Trussell, is the Latest Theory Put Forth.

Another theory as to the identity of the ideal personality around which Shakespeare wrote many of his sonnets is advanced in a volume in which nobody would expect to find it. The volume is a cheap reprint of a sixteenth century devotional work, "The Triumph Over Death," by the Venerable Robert Southwell, a Jesuit priest.

The editor, J. W. Trotman, propounds the startling theory that Southwell is the friend celebrated in Shakespeare. The beautiful youth of the sonnets was a Jesuit, tortured by Topcliffe, imprisoned in the Tower for three years and finally dragged on a hurdle to Tyburn and hanged.

But neither Shakespeare nor Bacon, Mr. Trotman holds, wrote the immortal sonnets and plays. According to him they are the work of John Trussell, a member of a family resident for centuries at Billesley, near Stratford-on-Avon, and mayor of Winchester, where he made such a charming speech to Queen Henrietta Marie after her marriage there with Charles I that she declared she was as pleased as if he had given her 10,000 crowns. His poem, "The First Rape of Fair Helen," his champion says, is no less Shakespearean than "Venus and Adonis." As only one copy of its exists, and one has not had access to the private library in which it is preserved, one is unable to express an opinion on the point. It is evident that Mr. Trotman has prepared agreeable exercise for the wits of the critics.

The Reason He Does Not. "I am quite sure that I can stop drinking when I have had enough." "But you never seem to do it." "I know it. You see, the trouble is that when I have had enough I don't know it."

Calendar Must Be Wrong. Bride—Oh, dear, Hugo's leave is up tomorrow, and we haven't half finished our honeymoon.—Fleegende Blatter.

RATE INCREASE NECESSARY

FARMERS' UNION OFFICIALS THINK RAILROADS ARE ENTITLED TO MORE REVENUE.

Products of Plow and Farmer Who Lives at Home Should Be Exempt From Increase.

By Peter Radford. Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The recent action of the Interstate Commerce Commission in granting an increase in freight rates in the eastern classification of territory; the application of the roads to state and interstate commissions for an increase in rates, and the utterances of President Wilson on the subject bring the farmers of this nation face to face with the problem of an increase in freight rates. It is the policy of the Farmers' Union to meet the issues affecting the welfare of the farmers squarely and we will do so in this instance.

The transportation facilities of the United States are inadequate to effectively meet the demands of commerce and particularly in the South and West additional railway mileage is needed to accommodate the movement of farm products. If in the wisdom of our Railroad Commissions an increase in freight rates is necessary to bring about an improvement in our transportation service, and an extension of our mileage, then an increase should be granted, and the farmer is willing to share such proportion of the increase as justly belongs to him, but we have some suggestions to make as to the manner in which this increase shall be levied.

Rates Follow Lines of Least Resistance.

The freight rates of the nation have been built up along lines of least resistance. The merchant, the manufacturer, the miner, the miller, the lumberman and the cattleman have had their traffic bureaus thoroughly organized and in many instances they have pursued the railroad without mercy and with the power of organized tonnage they have hammered the life out of the rates and with unrestrained greed they have eaten the vitals out of our transportation system and since we have had railroad commissions, these interests, with skill and cunning, are represented at every hearing in which their business is involved.

The farmer is seldom represented at rate hearings, as his organizations have never had the finances to employ counsel to develop his side of the case and, as a result, the products of the plow bear an unequal burden of the freight expense. A glance at the freight tariffs abundantly proves this assertion. Cotton, the leading agricultural product of the South, already bears the highest freight rate of any necessary commodity in commerce, and the rate on agricultural products as a whole is out of proportion with that of the products of the factory and the mine.

We offer no schedule of rates, but hope the commission will be able to give the railroad such an increase in rates as is necessary without levying a further toll upon the products of the plow. The instance seems to present an opportunity to the Railroad Commissions to equalize the rates as between agricultural and other classes of freight without disturbing the rates on staple farm products.

What is a Fair Rate?

We do not know what constitutes a basis for rate making and have never heard of anyone who did claim to know much about it, but if the prosperity of the farm is a factor to be considered and the railroad commission concludes that an increase in rates is necessary, we would prefer that it come to us through articles of consumption on their journey from the factory to the farm. We would, for example, prefer that the rate on hogs remain as at present and the rate on meat bear the increase, for any farmer can then avoid the burden by raising his own meat, and a farmer who will not try to raise his own meat ought to be penalized. We think the rate on coal and brick can much better bear an increase than the rate on cotton and flour. We would prefer that the rate on plows remain the same, and machinery, pianos and such articles as the poorer farmer cannot hope to possess bear the burden of increase.

The increase in rates should be so arranged that the farmer who lives at home will bear no part of the burden, but let the farmer who boards in other states and countries and who feels his pocket in foreign lands pay the price of his folly.



MORE LIVESTOCK?

The report of the Secretary of Agriculture, issued this month, tells the country many things of cheerful import—the immense crops, the increasing production per acre, the supremacy of the American farmer in per capita production, and the progress of the numerous agencies that are trying to improve the conditions of farm life and work. It also discusses certain problems of far-reaching importance, not the least of which is that of our vanishing live stock.

In the past fifteen years the population of the United States has increased twenty millions, and the demand for meats, woolen clothing, foot wear, and other necessities has advanced at least in proportion. Yet between 1899 and 1909 our cattle actually decreased from 50,000,000 head to 41,000,000, our sheep from 61,000,000 to 52,000,000, and our hogs from 63,000,000 to 53,000,000. The decline steadily continues. Is there any need to seek for other reasons for the higher prices of much that we eat or wear?

The causes of the decrease have been abundantly discussed. Secretary Houston concerns himself mainly with the problem of checking the decrease and turning it into the needed increase. Although various reclamation projects have made it possible to develop big cattle ranges, such as existed in earlier days, the chief hope for an increased meat supply lies in other directions.

First, as Secretary Houston points out, there is opportunity for a more extensive use of the public grazing lands, which might well support fifty per cent more sheep and cattle than they

support at present. In 1913 the average was only one animal for each fifty-one acres of those lands.

Then, there is the pressing need of systematic attention to the production of beef animals in settled farming areas, particularly in the South, which every year imports almost \$50,000,000 worth of meats and dairy and poultry products from the North and West. And there is ample and profitable opportunity in all parts of the country for more attention to the smaller animals, such as poultry and swine.

Finally, Secretary Houston puts much stress on the department's campaign against animal diseases. It is slow work to fight successfully hog cholera, which killed six million hogs in 1913; and also cattle tick, tuberculosis, and foot and mouth disease, which cause yearly losses of many millions; but the progress of the work gives ground for belief that the medical men will be able to control, if not to eradicate, all of those diseases.

The live-stock problem of the United States is not an abstract matter. It touches vitally every home, high or humble. The Department of Agriculture may well seek with all the agencies and resources at its command to impress the people with the magnitude of the problem, and to enlist their co-operation in solving it.—Youth's Companion.

Former Territorial Governor C. Meyer Zulick, who was Ari-

zon's chief executive during Cleveland's first administration, has written from his home at Avon-by-the-Sea, New Jersey, accepting the invitation of the Phoenix Board of Trade to visit that city on his contemplated trip to the coast.

THE MATTER OF SIDEWALKS

While paved streets and cement sidewalks entail some expense, it must be recognized by all that they are bound to come sooner or later, though probably not to any great extent until the city is incorporated.

In the meantime, however, we have at hand simpler and cheaper means which will answer the purpose very well as a temporary expedient. We refer to the split-log dragging of the stree's after each rain, and to the hauling of sand, of which there is a plentiful supply, and building sidewalks of this material, retaining the same by an inexpensive curbing and, as far as possible, topping the walk with cinders.

Some of our residence owners have adopted this plan and we notice that, after once constructed, a very little labor keeps the walks in excellent condition, even during the muddiest times.

MAIL CONTRACT RE-LET

News reached St. Johns last week that the bid of Lemmon & Grimes had been accepted by the government for carrying the mail between Holbrook and Springerville. The new contractors will take over the work from S. D. Smith about February 1st. We are informed that they are planning to run auto trucks and bring parcel post matter every day along with the first-class mail, which will make it decidedly more convenient for the public.

The awarding of this big contract to St. Johns bidders is a matter for congratulation, since the town will without doubt profit largely in a business way by the transaction.—St. Johns Herald.

Firestone Smashes Another World's Record

300 Miles Without a Stop at an Average Speed of Over 80 Miles an Hour

THAT is the wonderful record of Barney Oldfield on Firestone Tires at the famous Corona, California, Race Thanksgiving Day.

It is by far the greatest no-stop record on any road or track in the history of motor car racing. Think of the terrific heat—nearly four solid hours of the relentless grinding at this torturous speed. Twenty cars were in the race, but Oldfield was the only driver who did not stop for tire changes.

Firestone TIRES

—less than three weeks previous to the Corona Victory—got the First, Second and Third honor in the Los Angeles-Phoenix Race and First place in the El Paso-Phoenix Event. These two races, known as the "Cactus Derby," put tires to a grueling test of over 1200 miles of unfrequented, rough mountain trails and burning desert sands. Here all nature's wild forces were encountered, but Firestone, already World Victorious, stood the test by winning these, the greatest road races ever run.

This constant piling up of victory upon victory, year after year, is significant.

This wonderful strength is built into every Firestone Tire—the same heat resistance, the same fighting endurance.

The reason is in the making—in the abundance of good rubber and the strongest fabric—built into a staunch unit by the exclusive method of Firestone master workmen.

For your safety and saving, every day, you should demand Firestones—

The Colossus of Roads

Built in America's Largest Exclusive Tire Plant

Right now, as winter approaches, is the time to equip with Firestone Non-Skids. Insist on them for your safety and peace of mind.

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